
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

DECEMBER, 1815.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR
OF
MRS. MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

IN laying before our readers the Biography of Mary Wollstonecraft, we are fully sensible of the slippery ground on which we are treading ; to delineate the events of a life, during which every barrier of female virtue was boldly and disdainfully overleaped, can be neither a pleasant nor a grateful task ; still, however, let us hope, that her wanderings may prove a beacon to the young and the inexperienced, and let them stand as a confirmation of the truth, that the possession of extraordinary talents and genius does not warrant a deviation from the established rules of morality and virtue.

Mary Wollstonecraft was born on the 27th of April, 1759. Her father's name was Edward John, and the name of her mother Elizabeth, of the family of Dixons, of Ballyshannon, in the kingdom of Ireland. She was distinguished, in early youth, by the indications of that exquisite sensibility, sound-

ness of understanding, and decision of character, which were the leading features of her mind through the course of her subsequent life. During the residence of her father at Hoxton, to which place he had removed from a farm at Beverley, in Yorkshire, she first became acquainted with Mr. Godwin, whom she afterwards married, but whom, singular as it may appear, she regarded at their first meeting with peculiar dislike. Another acquaintance, which Mary formed at this time, was with a Mr. Clare, who inhabited the next house to that which was tenanted by her father, and to whom she was, probably, in some degree indebted for the early cultivation of her mind. A connection still more memorable originated about this time between Mary and a person of her own sex, for whom she contracted a friendship so warm, as for years to have constituted the ruling passion of her mind. The name of this person was Frances Blood, and as Mary was at this time about nineteen, she had once or twice started the idea of quitting the paternal roof, and providing for herself. She therefore accepted of a situation with a widow lady, of the name of Dawson, at Bath, with whom she resided two years, and only left her, summoned by the melancholy circumstance of her mother's rapidly declining health. Her mother died in 1782, and in 1783 we find Mary at the head of a day-school at Islington, at which Fanny Blood and her two sisters assisted. Here she formed some acquaintance that influenced the future events of her life. The first of these, in her own estimation, was Dr. Orchard Price, well known for his political and mathematical calculations. Mrs. Burgh, widow of the author of the *Political Disquisitions*, the Rev. John Hewlet, and Dr. Johnson, were among the friends which she acquired at this period.

The affections of Mary were now doomed to undergo one of the severest trials. The health of her friend Fanny required her removal to a warmer climate, and Lisbon was fixed upon for her residence. Thither she repaired, but she found little benefit from the change of climate and situ-

ation. Fanny had married a Mr. Skeys, of Dublin, then resident in the kingdom of Portugal; and Mary, impressed with the idea that her friend would die in this distant country, determined to pass over to Lisbon to attend her. Mrs. Burgh supplied her with money for her journey, but her residence in Lisbon was not long. She arrived but a short time before her friend was prematurely delivered, and the event was fatal to both mother and child. Frances Blood, hitherto the chosen object of Mary's attachment, died on the 29th of November, 1785; and in her "Letters from Norway," written ten years after her decease, she thus speaks of her:—

"When a warm heart has received strong impressions, they are not to be effaced. Emotions become sentiments, and the imagination renders transient sensations permanent, by fondly retracing them. I cannot, without a thrill of delight, recollect views I have seen, which are not to be forgotten, nor looks I have felt in every nerve, which I shall never more meet. The grave has closed over a dear friend—the friend of my youth; still she is present with me, and I hear her soft voice warbling as I stray over the heath."

On her return from Lisbon, the literary career of Mary began. Her first work was a duodecimo pamphlet, entitled "Thoughts on the Education of Daughters," for which she received ten guineas, and which she applied to the removal of the parents of Fanny to Ireland.

She now obtained a situation in the family of Lord Kingsborough, as governess to his daughters, with whom she resided about twelve months. She then resumed her literary career, and the house of Mr. Johnson, the bookseller, which was at that time the resort of some of the most eminent literary characters of the day, became also the occasional residence of Mary. Under this roof she became acquainted with Mr. Fuseli, the celebrated painter; and here we have to record the first stain upon the character of Mary. Mr.

Fuseli was a married man. The delight she enjoyed in his society, she transferred by association to his person.

In 1792, Mary Wollstonecraft took up her residence in Paris, and in this city she became acquainted with Mr. Gilbert Imlay, a native of North America. To enter into a detail of this most important part of her life would far exceed the limits to which we must confine ourselves. The mal-treatment which she received from this person, the disappointments which she incurred, drove her at length to desperation, and she determined on suicide. The agony of her mind gave her a desperate serenity, and she resolved to drown herself in the Thames, and took a boat for the purpose. Her first thought had led her to Battersea Bridge, but she found it too public, and accordingly proceeded further up the river. It was night when she arrived at Putney, and by that time it had begun to rain with great violence. To effect her purpose more completely, she walked up and down the bridge till her clothes were thoroughly drenched, and heavy with the wet, which she did for half an hour without meeting a human being; she then threw herself from the top of the bridge, but still seemed to find a difficulty in sinking, which she endeavoured to counteract by pressing her clothes closely round her. She was rescued from this perilous situation, but she always spoke of the pain she underwent, as such, that, though she could afterwards have determined upon almost any other species of voluntary death, it would have been impossible for her to resolve upon encountering the same sensations again.

This situation awakened the apathy of Mr. Imlay towards her, but it lasted for a short time; a final separation took place in March, 1796.

We have now merely to notice her connection with Mr. Godwin, which, in point of eccentricity, has not, perhaps, its equal. There is, however, a degree of mystery thrown over certain parts of it, which it were in vain to suppose will ever now be solved. Let the veil of oblivion be

thrown over that part of it which *is* known, for she is no longer a tenant of this earth. Her virtues, for she had many, have met with their reward; and let us hope, in Christian charity, that her frailties have been erased from the tablet of retribution.

The cause of her death was accurately ascertained, but delicacy forbids us to enlarge upon it. Her remains were deposited in the church-yard of St. Pancras, and a few of the persons she most esteemed attended the ceremony. A plain monument has been erected on the spot by some of her friends, with the following inscription:—

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN,

Author of

A VINDICATION

OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN,

Born 27th April, 1759,

Died 10th September, 1797.

ON THE PRESENT MODE OF FEMALE DRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

Sir,

I AM, in the real acceptation of the term, a fusty old bachelor, and my strictures on the present mode of female dress may be anathematised, and considered as the effusions of a disordered fancy; but, in truth, I have been much shocked of late at the indecency of our young ladies; aye, of old ones too, in exposing their charms to the wanton gaze of every beholder. To investigate the cause of this has cost me some application of thought. Though some persons of my age are continually railing at the degeneracy of the times, and talking much of the simplicity of former periods, I can by no means think that my cotemporaries are much inferior, in point of morals, to their predecessors.

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In particular, I have a great partiality for my fair country-women, and cannot allow that the present fashion has its rise from any depravity of heart. I am for putting a more favorable construction on it. I would gladly think the primeval innocence is revived among us; and therefore our modern ladies, like their mother in Paradise, go naked, and are not ashamed.

Conquest is the aim of every female, and she certainly has a right to make use of every lawful expedient to effectuate her end; but if she will hear an advice from one, who, from experience and observation, should know something of the male character, and who, being too old for a lover, has no interest to deceive her, she will lay aside a fashion so repugnant to female modesty. If nothing else will move her, let her consider her own interest. I will not insinuate, that any of my fair country-women expose their charms for the purpose of exciting wanton desires. Oh no, that would indeed be a libel on their character; but certain it is, while they leave nothing for imagination to conceive, they may kindle in the breasts of young men a licentious flame, but are not likely to inspire them with chaste and virtuous love.

Last night I was present at a ball, where a beautiful girl was most lavish in the exposure of her charms, I wrote the following impromptu on the occasion; and I hope some of your readers may profit by the hint which it contains.

Some maidens coy, with anxious care conceal
The snowy breast beneath the envied gauze;
But you more freely every charm reveal,
Scorning to be restrained by modest laws.

Thanks to your kindness, gentle fair—but learn,
That when we see the rose o'erblown in you,
We gaze not, but with sweet attraction turn
To yonder bud, half open to the view.

I am, your's,

Mr. Editor,

Privy Gardens, Nov. 2, 1815

A BACHELOR.

FRENCH METHOD OF PROCURING FLOWERS OF DIFFERENT COLOURS.

By M. Dicudonné.

A NUMBER of experiments for obtaining flowers of different colours have lately been made in France ; the following have been repeatedly tried, and always with the same success.

To obtain Green Roses.

A rose tree is planted near a holly oak, or a holly oak near a rose tree, and a small part of the peel is taken from both. Two or three of their branches are joined together, and some tree-moss is placed on the incision, bound with a thread, in order that the sun may not injure them ; above them is placed some earth-moss from the same garden. When the root is formed, the branch is cut and transplanted ; the roses which it bears will be green.

Red Roses.

A beet-root must be planted near the rose-tree, a branch of which must be passed through the beet. It must be covered with earth until the branch has taken root ; it is then transplanted, and the roses will be a deep and beautiful red.

Yellow Roses.

A branch is inserted, as above, in a carrot, and the same process is observed as with the red roses.

Green Carnations.

Take a layer, and bed it in the heart of a cabbage, pulled out of the ground, and when taken root, transplant it.

For *Red Carnations*, the layer must be put into a beet-root ; and for *White Carnations*, into a parsnip.

THE GOSSIPER, No. XI.

“ ——— He that steals my purse, steals trash—
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands :
But he who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed.”

CALUMNY has ever been considered one of the characteristics of a Gossiper, and in truth it must be told, that many of the fraternity experience a peculiar delight in the murder of female character; a nod, or a wink, or a whisper, or a *tele-à-tete* in a corner, is sufficient to set the venom of the serpent at work, to rouse all the malignant passions of the breast; and the spirit of scandal then steps in, and throws a stain upon a character, which was before as pure as Alpine snow, on which a wandering sun-beam never fell. Do the whisperers of slander know, that when they throw a false or aggravated imputation on any character, they, at the same time, prove themselves vile and injurious liars? They, however, do not seem to think so. When their reports are proved to them to be founded upon fiction, they calmly say—“ Well, it is only what we have heard;” and then imagine they are exculpated, for having so ably assisted the tongue of malice to destroy the peace of mind of, perhaps, whole families, or some oppressed and helpless individual.

Why is the man who breaks into his neighbour's house sentenced to die? The taking away chattels, or money, abstractedly is nothing, but in the consequence is, perhaps, reasonable affliction, or ruin to the person robbed; his consequence is lessened in society; he can neither so well assist his friends, nor defend himself against his enemies; his peace of mind is therefore hurt, and that is the offence;

he is lost to society; and the offender not only receives the just punishment for his crime here, but in our christian opinion, is sentenced to eternal and inconceivable torments hereafter, and this dreadful doom he brings upon himself by violating the sacred laws of society. Will heaven, who cannot see me robbed, even of superfluities, without hurling perdition on my wronger's head, unmoved behold me deprived of the affections of my relations, the comforts of my friends, left to the derision of the inhuman, and my heart broken by unmerited vexation? Will the divine mercy pass over the needy pilfering wretch, and shew favour to the base calumniator? No, if there be a place of torment, his enormous crime will plunge him to the deepest part of it.

I am not now speaking of printed calumny. Every one readily agrees that he, who, having neither the passion of resentment nor a pique to give the crime any kind of palliation, but merely for the sake of gain, plants a thorn in the bosom he is a stranger to, that he and every one who shares the wages of such iniquity, in spite of all pretended refinement, is a blacker villain than terms can make him, although such practices are so very consistently and openly encouraged. I address verbal, whispering slanderers, mighty good kind of people, who are extremely sorry they are obliged to make holes in the characters of their acquaintance, and think some little affront, or slight, justifies them in propagating any lies their malice or envy may invent. Let me tell these good people, that where we find ourselves whole, we are not so apt to enlarge even upon the real imperfections of others. There is always real room for suspicion, where a man is constantly endeavouring to depreciate the characters of other men, that his own is of little value, and that he hopes to bring them down to his own standard, that he may not, some time or other, be the only man kicked out of the society of men of honor.

Humanity, surely, inclines us to search for the grounds of an ill report; and if we find authority, to be cautious, and

not unnecessarily to diffuse it, as there may at least be aggravation at the bottom; if it be but a folly, good nature keeps it in its own bosom, but where a serious imputation is circulated merely from a report, without inquiry, such a calumniator breaks every law, divine and human, and is indeed of all villains the most base and injurious.

THE GOSSIPER presents his compliments to his fair friends, and submits the following Letter, which he has just received, to their attentive consideration. He requests from them a solution to the Queries, for, on a point so very intricate and delicate, he acknowledges his inability to come to a just decision.

TO THE GOSSIPER.

Sir,

SOME time ago, being weary of a bachelor's life, and unwilling that my fortune should devolve to any but the lawful heirs of my own body, I resolved to try whether I could not find some agreeable female, who might be prevailed upon to link her fate with mine in the matrimonial chain. I searched in vain, a considerable time, but at length fixed on one whose person, character, and circumstances, were perfectly adequate to my views. But to gain an opportunity of disclosing myself to the lady, appeared to be an acquisition hardly to be obtained, as I had not the least acquaintance of her or the family with whom she resided. I projected a score of plans,—I walked several hours every day before her house, until the constable at last was set to watch my motions, conceiving that I had some wicked design in view;—I frequented the same church, and although I roared out the psalms most lustily, I never could attract her attention;—I attended a ball, at which I knew she was to be present, and now I believed the fortunate moment was at hand. I was going down the dance in my best and most graceful manner, and was only about two

couple from her, when, by some fatality, occasioned no doubt by my confusion in being so very near to the object of my affections, I lost all recollection of the figure, and consequently put the whole set in confusion; my partner grew sulky, and insisted upon sitting down. What a mortification to be thus exposed in the very presence of my beloved, who appeared to enjoy my confusion; and her foppish, foolish partner, dared even to laugh at me. I returned home full of chagrin, and projected a hundred other plans, but some insurmountable difficulty prevented the execution of any one of them; at last exhausted, and chagrined with the failure of so many resolutions, the formation of which gave me infinite pain, I was determined to risque the fate of my passion in a letter; I accordingly fell to work, and produced an epistle! an epistle, Mr. Gossiper, couched in terms the most tender my enamoured imagination could suggest. But O, good heavens! with what despair and anguish did her answer fill me! I really wonder that I am now alive. She desired me never more to trouble her with letters on that or any other subject, and acquainted me she was otherwise engaged.

The reason, therefore, of my troubling you with this letter, is, to beg that some of your correspondents will favour me with a solution of the two following Queries:—

First. Whether it be an infringement of propriety or decorum to write to a lady, with whom I have no personal acquaintance (supposing my situation in life to be on a level with her sphere), on the subject of matrimony?

Second. Whether or not the first denial of a lady ought to be taken for her final determination?

As I mean to adapt my further proceedings to the answer with which I may be favoured, I request you will lose no time in transmitting it, or I may, perhaps, lose for ever the dearest object which this world contains.

I am, your obedient servant,

H— S—.

From my Chambers in the Temple,

Oct. 24, 1815.

MUSIC.

(Concluded from page 275.)

THE terms of masters, who are of known excellence, will be beyond the reach of persons in the middling ranks of life; and it will appear monstrous, and, if possible, be absolutely imprudent in them, to pay half-a-guinea, or a guinea, a lesson for a child; but when that child has arrived at a certain degree of proficiency, the best master will always be found the cheapest. If this be admitted, a question will arise how, in the first stages of the art, is instruction to be procured upon moderate terms? This is an important question. The first elements that are to be taught to a child are extremely simple, but it is of the first consequence they should be well taught, for upon this will frequently depend every thing that is to follow. Here is the very foundation of habit, and that being once fixed, either as good or bad, will not easily be removed. There always will be found a number of pupils who are studying under masters of acknowledged merit; and if they possess common understanding will be able to teach the rudiments of the art scientifically. Many of those who intend to make music a profession, will be happy to teach on very moderate terms, in order to enable themselves to obtain instruction of a higher order; and as those juvenile teachers will, from the start they get in the race, be before their scholars, circumstances alone must determine how long that pre-eminence shall continue. Supposing equal industry and capacity in each, any other source of information may be unnecessary. A teacher of this kind, well directed to proper aims, although unaccomplished, is superior to the host of those vagabonds with which the town is inundated, whose pestiferous information will for ever contaminate all taste and genius; and a youth of fifteen, in the right road

to excellence, will be of more value than a thousand aged pretenders who are ignorant of every principle of their profession. In one instance, all that in the early stages can be taught, will be right; in the other, all that is taught will require infinitely more time and labour to be unlearned than was bestowed on the vile acquisition.

The thing is impossible, but did not the folly of mankind make it so, it would be a good institution to appoint a certain number of men of real knowledge in the art of playing the piano-forte, to be denominated musical advisers, who might be called in by parents to judge of the instruction given to their children, which they would easily determine by their performance. Supposing the fee to be a guinea for one visit, and also supposing that parents had the sense and prudence to call them in, those advisers would become rich by their profession, and parents become incalculable gainers even in a pecuniary point of view; besides saving the time of their children for better employment, and many a sigh would be prevented that must arise from hope being disappointed.

* * * *

MATERNAL ANTIPATHY, CONTRASTED WITH FILIAL PIETY.

(Concluded from page 271.)

UNEXPECTEDLY foiled in her attempts to impose upon the amiable Matilda, the indignation of her unnatural mother was actually unbounded; and for the space of eighteen months she silently submitted to every species of cruelty and oppression which malice could suggest. During that space of time, several interviews had taken place between her and the unprincipled lawyer, in which, he had not only endeavoured to persuade her to renounce all claim

upon her mother's fortune, by signing a deed which he had drawn up for that purpose, but assured her that, by so doing, she would excite sentiments of affection in her mother's breast.

"If the voice of nature, combined with the most assiduous desire to please," replied Matilda, "have not the power of exciting maternal affection, I can never suppose that an act of injustice to myself can be the means of inspiring a sentiment which she has never felt towards me since the hour of my birth. If my ever-lamented father was induced, at the suggestion of my mother, to make an alteration in the marriage-settlement, what occasion can there be for me formally to resign all pretension to a property to which (if he had a right so to do) I am not lawfully entitled? Yet, as I doubt the truth of the circumstance, allow me once more to assure you, that neither force nor persuasion shall induce me to comply with your request."

Though plausibility the most imposing had hitherto marked the artful attorney's behaviour, yet, at this declaration, precaution yielded to resentment, and he observed that the law would authorise him to commence an action against her, for avowing sentiments which impeached his integrity in business. Upon the return of Mrs. Coventry and her hopeful son, a mandate was issued, commanding the ill-fated Matilda to remain a close prisoner in her apartment; the door of which was locked by her unnatural brother, who declared she should never come out of it, unless she signed the above-named instrument. Insult the most taunting was added to confinement; even sustenance was sparingly administered, and Matilda began to hope that her sorrows would soon be terminated by the friendly hand of death! Though every farthing of money had been taken from her, to prevent the possibility of her bribing any of the domestics, yet a disinterested young woman, of the name of Margaret, offered to obtain her enlargement.

The proposal was too flattering to be rejected; and after the family had retired to rest, the compassionating Margaret

placed a ladder under the window of her young mistress's apartment. With trembling steps the fair prisoner descended, the attached Margaret offered to become the companion of her enlargement, but Matilda, fearful of involving her in difficulties, positively refused the proposal.

To throw herself upon the protection of the amiable Mrs. Mortimer, was the oppressed girl's intention; but how was she to undertake a journey of twenty miles distance without money, without friends, and with only a few trinkets in her pocket!—As the days were at the utmost length, and the moon in its zenith, she had not to encounter those apprehensions which naturally accompany darkness. Terrified, however, at the idea of being missed, or overtaken, she walked with a rapidity disproportioned to her strength; a sickening sensation in about three hours overwhelmed her, and throwing herself upon a bank under a hedge, she fainted. How long the hapless Matilda remained in that situation is uncertain, as the friend from whom I heard her eventful story fortunately rescued her from it; for, taking his morning walk with his children, and a favorite spaniel, his attention was attracted to the spot by its agitation and yells.

Humanity in the breast of Mr. Sandford, for so I shall call him, might almost be denominated a vital principle; and whilst his astonishment was excited by the appearance of the lovely insensible, compassion induced him to take the most active measures to restore animation. Though a neighbouring brook supplied him with water, and a breeze of the most reviving nature was wafted from the air, still exertion and alarm had so completely suspended every faculty, that several minutes elapsed before she appeared to breathe. The children were instantly dispatched to their hospitable residence, with instructions to the gardener to accompany them with an easy chair, whilst the female domestics were requested to have a spare bed immediately aired.

In the minds of the illiberal, what suspicions might have

been excited by the appearance of a lovely unprotected female at that early hour in the morning ; but the worthy Mr. Sandford did not devote one thought to the singularity of the situation, but soothed the languid Matilda with an assurance of protection and care. The partner of his fortune was not only the participator of his emotions, but seemed to vie with him in her endeavours to animate the spirits of a being whom he had rescued from distress, whose lovely form, and conciliating manners, were calculated to inspire universal kindness.

Though Mr. Sandford's residence was not more than twelve miles from Mrs. Coventry's, yet not the slightest acquaintance had taken place between the two families ; he had heard, it is true, of the eccentricity of her character, and likewise of her unnatural prejudice. The situation in which he had discovered the persecuted Matilda, was such as to require the most perfect confidence ; and the attention and kindness with which she was treated by every part of the family actually demanded it. Softening, as much as possible, the cruelty of her mother's conduct, she intreated both Mr. and Mrs. Sandford to indulge her with their candid sentiments respecting her refusal to resign all pretension to the property which had been settled upon her by her mother's marriage-settlements. Though immature judgment had pointed out the improbability of her father's revoking a deed of that description, yet Mr. Sandford informed her, that if inclination had led him, he could not have done it ; but, before any legal measures were taken to establish her right to the property, he recommended her to consult Mrs. Mortimer upon the subject.

A servant was accordingly dispatched with a letter to that excellent woman, who, with the solicitude of maternal fondness, flew to the relief of her young favorite ; taking with her a letter of Mr. Coventry's, disclosing the iniquitous plan his wife had suggested, and expressing his fears that artifice would be resorted to, in the event of his death.

Furnished with this incontrovertible proof of iniquity,

Mr. Sandford immediately ordered his carriage, and accompanied by Mrs. Mortimer drove to the unnatural mother's elegant habitation. Upon stopping at the door, two carriages were standing at it, one of which Mr. Sandford recognized as belonging to his family's physician, who at that moment was passing through the hall, accompanied by another disciple of Galen's. From his friend, the doctor, he learned that the heir of the splendid mansion was past every hope of recovery, from having drank a large draught of water whilst his blood was violently heated, on return from his unavailing pursuit after a sister, whom he had most barbarously and inhumanly treated. From the same source Mr. Sandford learned, that the mother of the devoted Edward, instead of calmly endeavouring to sooth the bed of sickness, actually augmented the symptomatic parts of his distemper, by agonized lamentations and uncontrollable distress.

It was not possible that a mind like Mr. Sandford's could choose such a moment as that for condemning the conduct of Mrs. Coventry, or asserting the rights of the individual whom she had so cruelly oppressed; therefore, summoning a servant to the carriage, he merely desired him to inform his mistress, her daughter was under the protection of sincere friends, who would choose a more favourable opportunity for conversing with her upon the subject.

Astonishment was marked upon the countenance of Matilda upon seeing her ambassador and ambassadress return so much sooner than she expected; and the moment she heard the account of the fate which awaited her unnatural brother, every particle of resentment vanished. On the following day a messenger was dispatched to Coventry castle, who brought back the melancholy intelligence of the incautious Edward's death, and of his wretched parents being reduced to the pitiable state of madness. Every sentiment of anger was instantaneously converted into commiseration; "let me not lose a single moment, I beseech you, my respected friends, in flying to her assistance!" exclaimed

the exemplary Matilda; whilst tears of unfeigned sorrow bedewed her lovely countenance.

Accompanied by a long-tried friend, and recent protector, this sympathising young female hastened to the splendid abode of sorrow and wretchedness, but the being whose pity and affection she had so frequently deprecated, was reduced to a situation which demanded sympathy and kindness! The strength of her attachment, and the violence of her passions, had driven reason from the throne nature designed it to possess; she was sitting by the side of the corpse, and decorating its brow with roses, which the attendants had strewed upon the bed. Matilda not only approached, but threw her encircling arms around her, but neither her tears nor tender soothings produced the slightest effect; at length Mr. Sandford and Mrs. Mortimer led her from the apartment, but no persuasion of theirs, or her amiable daughter's, could induce her to go to bed.

The first medical advice was summoned to her assistance, but every method which was adopted to restore her to reason proved abortive and vain; whilst the amiable Matilda attended her with as much solicitude as if she had never been the object of oppression or hate. Many of that amiable girl's friends recommended her to place her unfortunate parent under the care of Dr. Willis. "If my poor mother forgot her duty, it can be no excuse for the neglect of mine," was the reply she invariably gave to the proposal whenever it happened to be made.

Conduct so truly amiable actually deserves recording in golden letters; it is a species of filial purity better conceived than described; and I can only advise every daughter, whose parents may labour under a similar calamity, to go and do likewise!

THE CHILD OF THE BATTLE;

BY H. FINN.

(Continued from page 251.)

I DEEMED his observation unworthy reply, and impatiently awaited the conclusion of his story. "The children were sent by my order to a distant village, and a small yearly sum transmitted for their maintenance, that poverty and ignorance might keep them from the knowledge of their birth and relationship to myself. Fifteen years elapsed in the pursuit of pleasure at home; I then commenced the tour of Europe, and, accompanied by a splendid establishment, visited the courts of France, Spain, and lastly Vienna. There the exquisite beauty and amiable qualities of a lady, who was reported to be a childless widow of immense fortune, inflamed the passions of desire and avarice. I decided to try my powers of dissimulation. My triumph was difficult, but all-prevailing plausibility at length mastered her reserve. I could not expect her love, as she repeated continually her affection could not be bestowed; and at the altar she requested me not to deceive myself—her hand, but not her heart, was mine. You will ask her motive for thus sacrificing herself to a union in which she was well aware no happiness could be experienced? but the attempt I had made to destroy myself in her presence, the seeming fervency of my adoration, terrified and enticed her into consent. I did not in reality seek her love; possession of her estates and person, and pride in subduing her resolution, alone actuated my exertions. After the consummation of our nuptials I compelled her to appear in the gay world; and to my command and caresses I found her yield a cold and silent obedience. About that period the Emperor Charles the Sixth, the last Prince of the house of Austria, died, and the succession was secured

to Maria Theresa, his eldest daughter, he dying without male issue. Many were the claims laid to her dominions by other persons; some exhibited pretensions to the whole, some in part; and Louis XV. not as a declared competitor, but as abetting the claims of Charles Albert Duke of Bavaria, and to dismember the dominions of Austria, avowed his opposition to her elevation. Frederic the Third of Prussia also revived obsolete claims to part of Silesia. Aided by England, the Empress resolved to oppose every effort to deprive her of the slightest portion of her just inheritance. A number of English officers, in the service of Austria, resorted to Vienna, one of whom, by his insinuating manner, attracted my notice; we soon were on the most intimate terms; he was a young soldier of fortune, whose zeal and talent had supplied the want of interest, and elevated him to the post he then held. Our inclinations and sentiments were similar; we both were partial to pleasure, and to gain his society in the pursuit, I made up his deficiency in the means to procure it; but his reluctance to partake of dissipation deceived even me, and I imputed to youthful diffidence what I afterwards discovered to be the effect of hypocrisy, and when we entered into a coalition to achieve some dishonourable deed, he seemed to be influenced by my example and persuasion alone; always pre-facing his acquiescence with extreme friendship for me, and nothing but that feeling could have swayed him from virtue. Thus was I, who had made dissimulation the study of my life, imposed on by the simplicity of a stripling, but his youth and ingenuous appearance prevented even a supposition of deceit. Young Templeton, for that was his name, sufficiently ingratiated himself in my estimation to permit an admission at his pleasure to my house. One evening I went out, intending, as I had mentioned to him, to ride some miles, but altering my purpose, I returned through the garden, and seated myself in the chamber I had recently quitted. The day was nearly past, and gloom reigned in the chamber; I heard presently a footstep approaching the room,

and saw the figure of a man enter; the darkness was too great to discover him by his form, but after he had cautiously advanced some paces, he spoke in a low tone, and I recognized the voice of Templeton. The obscurity of the room hindered him from perceiving me, and scarcely venturing to breathe, I listened in agony to the following expressions; "I have watched his departure, and now let those lovely lips pronounce your preference for one who dies if you deny it." Not finding an answer returned, he concluded the apartment was deserted, and left it as he entered. I could not doubt his baseness, and I suspected my wife's infidelity; following his footsteps, I saw him proceed towards her apartment, at which he softly knocked; she demanded if it was I? He replied by declaring himself, and wished to know if she would admit him. She commanded his absence, accused him of the basest ingratitude, and threatened to inform me, if he did not for the future reserve his declarations for some other ear, and quit the house instantly. Finding all remonstrances fail, he was at last compelled to depart. I had heard enough to satisfy me that I was happy as to my wife, but I vowed to revenge myself on the viper I had fostered. The next day was appointed for a review of the troops, and I selected the opportunity to gratify my vengeance in a most signal manner. While Templeton was riding along the lines, when he had arrived at the most conspicuous part of the field, I rode up to him, and branded him with the name of villain, at the same time making known my knowledge of the transaction on the preceding night; he blushed and started, then muttering something about innocence, was leaving me, when I cut him thrice across the shoulders with my whip, in presence of the united regiments; he drew his sabre, but perceiving I was unarmed, he furiously named a certain hour the next day, when he expected to see me with any weapon I should name, as nothing but my life should atone for the publicity of his disgrace; his duty calling him away, we parted.

When I had reflected, I found myself too pusillanimous to encounter his youth and superior strength; too attached

to the world and its enjoyments to relinquish life. I therefore resolved not to hazard a meeting, and save myself from the imputation of dishonour in so doing, by assassination. Consistently with this determination, I received intelligence of Templeton's actions, and disguising myself from observation, followed him in the evening to the fields; his quick motions betrayed the agitation of his mind. I hesitated till it should become more dark, and more deserted. It was late before he showed any inclination to return. I pressed more closely on him, and when every thing promised a secure retreat, I rushed upon him, and buried my dagger in his side!!! He fell instantaneously, and the hum of distant voices compelled my hasty retreat, without recovering my weapon. Knowing that a discovery was inevitable, I speeded home, and without imparting the cause, acquainted my wife that our immediate departure was necessary. She submitted to my will in silence, and after removing our valuables, we soon were on our journey to an estate she possessed in Silesia, on the river Neiss.

(To be continued.)

THE MEDDLER. No. III.

"It is a proverb good for fools,
"Never to meddle with edged tools."

IN consequence of my having published the letter sent me by Mr. Gauntlet, I have drawn upon myself the censure and reproach of many an angry fair one, and of his meek helpmate in particular, from whom I have just received the following letter:—

Sir,

Before you gratify your own spleen, or the idle importunity of my husband, by giving to the public your opinion

of my conduct, permit me to say a few words in my own defence; and also to point out to you the imprudence, if not the malice, of attempting to interfere between man and wife. Many officious Meddlers, like yourself, make a practice of wilfully mistaking jest for earnest; and when they have heard half a story, run away, satisfied that they can make such additions to it as will amuse their auditors, and make the calumniated party appear contemptible or ridiculous.

I should be sorry to insinuate that you are a character of this description; I suspect rather that you are one of those blundering sort of persons, who, being over anxious to do good, are sure to give offence, without the power of making reparation.

I am, I find, accused by my husband, of making his life uncomfortable, by continually moving from house to house. Now, for the life of me, I cannot discover how this can be construed into a fault; since it is evident, from the conduct of most married men, that there is nothing so disagreeable to them as remaining a week, nay, even a few days, in the same place. Are they not continually roving from house to house, for the mere sake of changing the scene? There is the coffee-house lounge in the morning, the tavern dinner, the nightly club; and pray, my good Mr. Meddler, would any man frequent these if he was fond of staying in the same house, or was attached to his home? I think the answer is obvious; and if any wife presumes to inquire why he thus absents himself, his answer is invariably—"Oh, merely for change of scene." Now from this it is evident, that I consult my husband's pleasure more than my own convenience by these changes; and yet I alone am to be blamed. My good Gilbert very honestly confesses, that his Doll has as few faults as most women; and yet he can spend as much of his time abroad as men who have the worst of wives, and for no other earthly reason but because he gets tired of home; and if I do not, under various pretences, contrive to change that home

pretty often, and afford him subjects for the occupation of his thoughts, I can foresee, that, in the course of time, he will also get tired of his wife, the inconvenience of which could not be so easily obviated.

I think I have now made it clear to you, that I am not so very much to blame as you probably imagined; and I must beg that, in future, you will deviate from the track of your ill-natured predecessors, the Tatlers, the Idlers, and the Loungers, who have invariably directed all their sarcasms against the weaker sex, and allow us a little fair play. I am certain that you might find subjects of ridicule and animadversion enough without attacking us. Is a male Gossip less reprehensible than a female one? or a Rambler a bit more respectable than a Coquette? I think not. Let it then be your aim to satirize the one, and, if possible, reform the other, and you shall be rewarded with the thanks of my sex in general, and the regard of your obedient servant,

DOROTHY GAUNTLET.

I find that Mrs. Gauntlet is aware of her own resources; she tries me first with threats, and then ends with coaxing. But the dear lady must know that I am proof against both, and shall proceed exactly as if I had never been honoured by her reproof or encouragement. I give her credit, however, for her talents at irony, and will do her the justice to say, that she has some *method* in her *madness*. Unfortunately, like most female schemers, she has, in a fit of anger, exposed herself; and it now remains a matter of doubt, whether her manœuvres will be attended with the desired effect.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY HOURS. No. X.

ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MEN OF GENIUS,
TASTE, AND EDUCATION.

ALTHOUGH there are not three qualities more separate and distinct than genius, taste, and education, yet none are more blended by the generality of mankind, who often use them indiscriminately as synonymous terms, though as widely different from one another as theology, poetry, or mathematics.

The *Man of Genius* is the favourite child of Nature, stamped in her mint with those mental endowments that attract the love, esteem, and admiration of mankind. He is a bright beam of the divinity, that throws a light on all around him. Every object he views, every conversation he hears, every author he peruses, makes a deep and lasting impression on his mind, and gives a more polished and brilliant lustre to his excellencies. As the collision of flint and steel produce fire, so a fresh topic, or a new idea, enkindles the brain of a man of genius; his whole frame glows with the divine electric fire; his tongue, his pen, seems to be inspired; and he displays all the various modifications of every subject in such a new and elegant manner, as to afford the most exquisite pleasure. Nature never denies him taste, although fortune may often deny him education. Like the rough diamond, a little burnishing will shew his brightness, and fix his intrinsic value.

The *Man of Taste* is more often indebted to literary cultivation than nature, for that faculty which is most commonly an acquirement, not a gift; when it assumes the name of the latter, it is then blended with the rays of genius. The business of the man of taste is to point out those beauties of others, which may have escaped the

notice of the world in general, and to estimate their merit. The Man of Genius is the *Cuisinier*, the Man of Taste is the *Pour voyeur*, and mankind are the guests. Many of the beauties in poetry, painting, music, &c. are so obvious as to strike the dullest imagination; but those delicate, those refined, and no less beautiful passages than the more obvious, would be lost to the major part of mankind, were it not for the Man of Taste, who holds them up to public view, and points out their excellencies. There are many who cannot of themselves discriminate beauties, but who, when discriminated, can relish and admire them, even unto rapture. These have every requisite for becoming men of taste; they are deficient only in the cultivation which is to be obtained by observation, attention, and practice. We often see Men of Taste without being possessed of genius, but never a Man of Genius without taste.

Of the mere *Man of Education* we have innumerable instances. A retentive memory, with a plodding sedate disposition, are the chief qualities that depict him. He can repeat most of Homer, Virgil, Horace, &c. by rote, and can construe the most difficult passages, but he cannot, from his own feelings, point out one single beauty. He can give a minute account, perhaps, of every historical transaction, of every great hero, martyr, or villain, who has appeared on the theatre of life; of the manners, forms of government, revolutions, &c. of the various nations of the globe; but he can draw no reflections of consequence from himself; although he can give you a distinct detail of the systems, reflections, and opinions of all the men of genius. Such a character often receives eulogiums and compliments he by no means merits; he is praised by some as a genius, and by others as a man of taste, though he be not possessed of one brilliant idea that he has not gleaned either from reading or from the observations of others. I know a person of this description, and I am happy in his company. I rank him as my encyclopædia, as my universal dictionary, and refer to him on every doubtful occasion.

With his great memory, with his profound learning, he is loquacious, entertaining, and instructive. He can repeat portions of Blackmore's *Prince Arthur*, with much the same pleasure and facility as Milton's *Paradise Lost*. With all his learning, he is so deficient in taste as to aver, that it is as fluctuating as fashions or manners; that the present age is too refined; and that he has no doubt, but in some future period, Blackmore and Bunyan will have the preference of Milton and Addison. I pity those foibles I cannot correct, and although I never consult his judgment nor taste, I often refer to his memory, or his abilities as a linguist, which afford me always the most satisfactory information. In fine, as I am not overburdened with a multitude of books, this *mere Man of Education* is to me a living library.

QUERIES RESPECTING DR. BLAIR'S SERMONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

Sir,

LOOKING the other day among some papers belonging to a particular friend, who is lately gone abroad, I found the following Queries. As the book which gave rise to them is very generally read and admired, I wish some of your correspondents, who are acquainted with the subject, would send an answer to them; which would very much oblige,

Sir, Your's, &c.

CRITO.

Does not the chief excellence of Dr. Blair's Sermons consist in style and composition? and are not style and composition the least essential parts of a sermon?

Are not such sermons more likely to amuse than instruct?

Is it not the duty of a Christian divine to preach the pe-

culiar doctrines of Christianity? and do not Dr. Blair's Sermons contain only such sentiments as a Plato or an Epictetus might have published, with very little mention of either Christian faith or gospel morality?

Are not such sermons little calculated for the instruction of a Christian congregation?

Do not these sermons want the fire and animation of true eloquence? Are they not so composed as to appear plainly the laboured productions of the head, without a single sentence in the whole, warm from the heart?

Can a hearer be affected by a sermon so entirely cold and unanimated?

How many original sentiments are there in Dr. Blair's Sermons? and is there not more solid sense and piety in a single sermon of many a divine of the last century, than in all the Doctor's discourses?

Has not Dr. Blair evidently calculated his sermons only for the polite and refined? and are not these the smallest part of an audience, in the proportion of six to one?

Is there any thing in those sermons that can give pleasure to a philosopher, or gratify the curious inquirer after truth?

Is there any thing in these sermons that can yield instruction to the man of erudition?

Upon the whole, then, are not those sermons more calculated to set forth the preacher, than to edify the hearers? to display the abilities of the author, than to promote the glory of God? and are not such sermons very improper models of pulpit eloquence?

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

The FIELD OF WATERLOO; a Poem, by WALTER SCOTT, Esq. Edinburgh, Constable and Co. London, Longman and Co. 8vo. pp. 54, price 5s. 1815.

MR SCOTT, in the advertisement prefixed to the Poem, tells us that its imperfections are to be attributed to hasty composition, and to the frequent interruption which his labours received during his short tour on the Continent. This, then, is the apology offered by Mr. Scott to the public, for having sent this deformed bantling of his genius into the world, where its father will soon be ashamed to own it; and where, if it be suffered to live, the indulgence can only arise from an extravagant affection for its more noble predecessors. Mr. S. had reached the summit of poetic fame; our Miltons, our Drydens, and our Popes, were lost in the intolerable blaze shed from his "Lady of the Lake," and his "Marmion;" and from his proud eminence he saw himself glorified as the first of British poets. A lofty station is, however, to some heads attended with peculiar danger; a dizziness is often the result, which renders the operations of the brain indistinct; and a confusion of ideas thence arises, which, as they spring into existence, possess no homogeneity to each other, and form a motley groupe, like a harlequin's dress, of light and shade, or, in other words, of sense and nonsense. That Mr. Scott was in this situation when he wrote the "Field of Waterloo," cannot admit of a doubt; it is a work on which, we will venture to say, no publisher would have expended print and paper, had it not borne the very profitable and imposing name of Walter Scott, Esq. The genius of the poet might be naturally supposed to soar beyond the common sphere, by an actual presence on the spot, famed for the most important battle which history ever inscribed in her pages; and which, to Europe in particular, is unparalleled in its consequences.

This advantage was possessed by Mr. Scott over all his other competitors, who have sung the day of Waterloo; and the result has been 35 pages of a poem, in which all the faults of the author stand obtrusive to the view, without a single beauty to enliven its dull monotony.

We will attempt an analysis of this sorry work; but our situation is that of the chymist, who attempts to extract spirit from a *caput mortuum*. In the first place, the poet apostrophizes the city of Brussels, and passes on through the dismal and extensive wood of Soignies, to the ensanguined field of Waterloo; and he tells us—

“ Fear not the heat, though full and high
The sun has scorch'd the autumn sky,
And scarce a forest straggler now
To shade us spreads a greenwood bough;
These fields have seen a hotter day
Than ere was fir'd by sunny ray.
Yet one mile on—yon shatter'd hedge
Crests the soft hill, whose long smooth ridge”

We should not have extracted these lines, but to call the attention of our fair readers to the sublimity of the idea contained in the second line. Originality is the characteristic of genius; and no one will presume to deny the *scorching* of an *autumn sky* to be highly original; *ergo*, Mr. Walter Scott is, in this respect, a genius.

Having discussed the engagement, at length the poet passes in review the gallant dead, and takes his farewell of the fatal field.

“ Farewell, sad Field! whose blighted face
Wears desolation's withering trace;
Long shall my memory retain
Thy shatter'd huts and trampled grain,
With every mark of martial wrong,
That scathe thy towers, fair Hougomont!
Yet though thy garden's green arcade
The marksman's fatal post was made,

Though on thy shatter'd beeches fell
 The blended rage of shot and shell,
 Though from thy blacken'd portals torn,
 Their fall thy blighted fruit-trees mourn,
 Has not such havock bought a name
 Immortal in the rolls of fame?
 Yes—Agincourt may be forgot,
 And Cressy be an unknown spot,
 And Blenheim's name be new;
 But still in story and in song,
For many an age remember'd long,
Shall live the towers of Hougoumont,
 And fields of Waterloo."

Mr. Scott is particularly noted for his inattention to legitimate rhymes, and in the above extract we have two glaring instances of it. The lines printed in italics will prove the truth of the assertion. We could have pardoned one transgression, but a repetition of it occurring immediately afterwards, cannot be sanctioned by any rules of taste or poetry.

We wish not to enlarge upon the defects of this poem. Another "Field of Waterloo," and the fame of Walter Scott, as a poet, will be grossly tarnished. He has already

Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n
 Fall'n from his high estate;

his re-ascension will be hailed by us with peculiar delight.

THE CAVERN OF ASTOLPHO; a Spanish Romance.

London, Simpkin and Co. Price —. 2 vols. 1815.

WE have selected this work from the mass of novels with which our table is burthened, as possessing a superior claim to our notice, from the originality of its design, the superiority of its language, and the excellence of its moral. It is a delightful task to delineate virtue, and copy those features which do honor to the human form; nor is it a less meritorious occupation, to expose the wrinkled front of

vice, and guard the inexperienced adventurer from those snares which cunning or duplicity may have spread for him. Mankind, formed for society and mutual intercourse, are endued with principles which tend to confirm and establish them. Benevolence, sympathy, and compassion, make part of the human composition; and from the exercise of these virtues is derived a very high degree of rational felicity. Since, then, these dispositions are natural, and tend so much to promote the happiness of society and individuals, it may readily be asked, how it comes to pass that men act so often contrary to them, and indulge principles so opposite in their nature and tendency? This paradox in the human character is, in this novel, ably investigated; and the hand of the master is visible in tracing the deep aberrations of the human mind, and exploring those recesses of the heart, which, though slightly covered with a cobweb film of virtue, yet conceal within those vices by which the dearest interests of society are grossly injured. We shall not enter into an analysis of the plot of this Romance, nor descant upon the merits which it so conspicuously displays; we are, however, certain, that the perusal of it will convey a high degree of satisfaction to our fair friends; and we can assure them, that the sentiments which it contains are highly favorable to the growth of morality and virtue, nor will a single idea be found which can excite a blush, even on the most fastidious cheek.

A Treatise on DOMESTIC POULTRY, PIGEONS, and RABBITS; with a practical Account of the Egyptian Method of hatching Eggs by Artificial Heat, and all the needful Particulars relative to Breeding, Rearing, and Management. Dedicated to Her Grace the Duchess Dowager of Rutland. By Bobington Mowbray, Esq. London, Sherwood and Co. 12mo. pp. 218. Price 5s. 1815.

To those persons who, either for amusement or profit, make the rearing of Domestic Poultry their study, this

volume will be found of essential service. The most approved methods of managing fowls are ably laid down, and some instructions relative to that particular branch of rural economy, are, for the first time, now brought forward, and cannot fail to prove of essential advantage, even to the most experienced practitioner.

REVIEW OF NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

1. *Eighth Edition, with great Improvements, of CLEMENTI's Introduction to the Art of playing on the Piano-forte; consisting of the Elements of Music; Preliminary Notions on Fingering, with Examples and Exercises; Preludes and Lessons, adapted and fingered by the Author.* Price 10s. 6d. Clementi and Co.

THE merits of this didactic work are so generally known and appreciated, as to render any farther encomium, on a performance of such universal utility to musical amateurs and juvenile practitioners, wholly unnecessary. It will, however, be proper to point out the various improvements in this eighth edition, which the experience of the many years, which have elapsed since its first publication, has suggested to the ingenious author; and the introduction of which adds, most certainly, in a great degree to its intrinsic value. We must notice, in the first place, that considerable additions have been made in the text; the selection of Tunes almost entirely new, and also many of the Preludes. Additional exercises for both hands have been introduced, and the general arrangement of the whole is better adapted to the capacity of juvenile pupils.

The circumstance of this work having reached an eighth edition, is, we may venture to say, unprecedented in musical annals; but when it is considered how eminently calculated it is to facilitate the student's practice, the patronage it has so deservedly received will become less surprising.

2. *Six Progressive Sonatinas for the Piano-forte; the Fifth Edition, with considerable Improvements by the Author. Composed and Fingered by MUZIO CLEMENTI.* pp. 32. Price 6s. Clementi and Co.

THESE progressive Sonatinas, which appear to be the fifth edition, are extremely well calculated to follow the preceding Introduction. Indeed, we understand, they were expressly composed by Mr. Clementi, as an Appendix to that Work. They, as well as the Introduction, have received many additions, and some curtailments. Improvements in style and taste are also apparent. Proper advantage has been taken of the additional keys, and, in all proper places, the use of the pedal.

When we say that these Sonatinas display the same fertility of invention, and the same natural flow of harmony, which so eminently characterize all the compositions of this experienced author, it will be unnecessary to make any farther observations on their particular merits: although we may, in some future number of our Museum, probably give some extracts of their beauties.

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3. *My native Shore Adieu! a much-admired Song, the Poetry extracted (by permission) from LORD BYRON'S celebrated Poem of "CHILDE HAROLD," and sung with the most unbounded applause by MR. BROADHURST, at Covent-Garden Theatre, in the Maid of the Mill. The Music composed expressly for Mr. B. by MISS FOWLER.* pp. 6. p. 2s. Williams.

GENIUS and real merit are so apparent in this juvenile composition, that we can easily conceive it met with that applause at the theatre which is stated in the title-page.—Miss Fowler, who, we understand, is a young lady of highly cultivated talents at Collumpton, in Devonshire, and the present only her second musical publication, has, with considerable taste and expression, vocalized some pretty lines

from Lord Byron's celebrated poem of "Childe Harold." From a specimen so very flattering to her abilities, the musical world may reasonably anticipate much future gratification from so promising a candidate for public favor, should Miss F. continue to cultivate her attachment to "Harmony! Heavenly Harmony!"

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4. *A new Rondo on a favourite Irish Air, with an Introduction and slow Movement, composed expressly for the Piano-forte, as improved by CLEMENTI and Co. up to F, also arranged for Instruments up to C, by J. B. CRAMER. pp. 10. p. 3s. Clementi and Co.*

THIS new Rondo in C major, commences with an introduction of ten bars in common time (*moderato assai*), and then proceeds to an air ($\frac{2}{8}$) in the Irish style, which Mr. Cramer has, with his usual science and ingenuity, framed into a very pleasing Rondo, introducing an Episode (*andante con moto*), and concluding the whole with the Irish air, in the original key. We recommend this work very particularly to young practitioners, as being well calculated to further their improvement.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

LIEUT. Henry Pottinger, of the East-India Company's service, has in the press, in a quarto volume, *Travels in Beloochistan and Sind*, accompanied with a geographical and historical account of those countries, illustrated by a map.

Mr. Sharon Turner is printing the second volume of his *History of England*, which will include the reigns of Edward I. to Henry V.

Mr. George Baker, of Northampton, has issued proposals

for a History of Northamptonshire, brought down to the present time, on which he has been engaged several years.

Mr. L. S. Boyne has in the press, *Cursory Remarks on the Physical and Moral History of the Human Species, and its connections with surrounding agency.*

The Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue has in the press, a *Familiar and Practical Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion of the United Church of England and Ireland.*

Mr. Chambers is preparing a *Biographical Dictionary of living Artists.*

Semler, or a Tale of Marriage, calculated to place that important subject in a new light, will speedily be published.

Dr. Busby is preparing a new edition of *Musical Biography*, comprising memoirs of all the eminent composers and writers of the present day.

An edition of the *Purple Island*, a poem, by Phineas Fletcher, with a dissertation and explanatory notes, in an octavo volume, will soon appear.

A second edition of the late Mr. J. C. Saunders' *Treatise on Diseases of the Eye*, is in a state of forwardness.

A second edition of Bp. Lowth's *Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews*, translated by Dr. Gregory, will speedily be published.

Mr. R. Huish's *Treatise on the practical Management of Bees*, is just published.

Just published, price 7s. in boards, *Sir Bertram, a Poem*, in six cantos, by J. Roby.

New Editions of *Caleb Williams* and *Leon* are nearly ready for publication.

In the press, *Uncle Tweazy and his Quizzical Neighbours*, a comic-satiric novel, in three volumes, by the Author of the *Observant Pedestrian*, &c.

In the press, *Owen Castle; or, Which is the Heroine*, in four volumes, by Mary Ann Sullivan, late of the Theatres-royal Norwich, Liverpool, Birmingham, &c.

FOREIGN INVENTIONS,
FOR
DOMESTIC AND ORNAMENTAL PURPOSES.

Use of Horse-chestnuts for removing Spots in Linen.

TAKE the chestnuts which have fallen from the tree, and which are very ripe, and take off the brown skin with a knife; the white kernel is then beaten in a mortar, until it is reduced to a powder; this powder is put on the spots in linen, washing them with water. By this simple method, spots will be removed, which cannot be effected by soap.

Magazin der Erfindungen.

Approved Method, adopted in Holland, for killing Snails and Worms.

The ground is watered with rain-water, in which half an ounce of vitriol has been put. In a few hours, the worms and other insects will come out of the ground, and perish. A great extent of ground may be cleared of vermin by this method, at the expence of about three pounds of oil of vitriol.

Method of preparing Vinegar Powder.

To prepare this powder, a few ounces of salt or cream of tartar are sprinkled with very strong vinegar, and left to dry for about two days; it is then moistened again with vinegar, and again dried. This operation is performed four or five times. The salt or the cream of tartar is then pulverized, and preserved in a bottle. Whenever vinegar is required, a tea-spoonful of this powder is put into a glass of wine or beer. Water itself may be changed into vinegar, by putting a dram of this powder into an ounce of the fluid.

Method of preserving Milk by Horse-radish Water.

In order to preserve milk during the hot weather, a few pounds of horse-radish are cut into small slices, which are put, with an equal weight of water, in a retort; and three quarters of it are distilled over a gentle fire, in order that the mass which remains at bottom be not burnt, nor lose any of its sharpness.

By these means, from twelve pounds of horse-radish, and the same weight of water, nine pounds, or nearly four pints of distilled horse-radish are obtained, of a very penetrating acrid taste and pungent smell, similar to that of the spirit of caustic ammoniac. This water is put into vessels or bottles hermetically sealed, in which it will keep above a year. If that precaution be neglected, the spirit evaporates in a little time, and even in the cellar.

If, during the excessive heat of summer, it is desired to preserve the milk from the influence of the weather, for eight or ten days at least, put a spoonful of this water to a gallon of milk, mixing them well together. By these means the milk will remain fresh for seven or eight days, and even during the dog-days, being kept in an open room, without any cover to the milk. It is also to be observed, that the horse-radish water removes all the insects from the milk; and the acrid taste, which it imparts immediately to the milk, entirely disappears in about four or five days.

Method of preserving Peaches, Nectarines, and other Fruits.

The peach or nectarine is covered with hemp or tow, and then dipped in melted yellow wax, from which it is taken when the wax has formed an entire crust round the hemp. This crust excludes the outer air, and the fruit is then preserved in a deep cellar, which is not damp. By this simple method, fruit may be had at any time and season.

HORTICULTURAL OBSERVATIONS FOR THE MONTH.

VIRGIN's Bower, Jasmine, Honeysuckles, Passion Flower, and Ivy, may be planted for training up against walls, buildings, or arbours. Great care must be taken to complete the planting of such Lilies as yet remain out of the ground. Dwarf Almonds, or Mezereons, may be planted in pots or shrubberies for early flowering.

The various sorts of roots, plants, shrubs, and trees, required for planting, may be with ease obtained at the nurseries in the vicinity of town.

Cuttings, for the purpose of propagation, of several kinds of deciduous trees and shrubs, may now be planted; observing that the young shoots of last summer are the most proper for this occasion. Shrubs of the deciduous and evergreen kinds may likewise be planted, taking care to complete the planting of all evergreens before the approach of frost. Bulbous roots, either in pots or glasses, may be introduced to hot-houses for forcing, should the severity of the season be such as to render this necessary.

Seed pots, and boxes of young seedling plants, require to be placed in southern borders. The same attention must be observed to tender young evergreens in pots. Tenderer kinds of young plants should likewise be placed in frames, where they may enjoy the occasional benefit of glasses.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS FOR DECEMBER.

THE long-talked of treaty of peace, or the new convention, has at length been finally settled. It was signed on Monday, Nov. 20, by the ministers of the allied powers, and the minister of the King of France; and a ratified copy was brought to town on the following Thursday, when

notice of this favorable event was made known to the public, by a letter from Lord Bathurst to the Lord Mayor, and afterwards in an extraordinary gazette. Of the terms of this convention not the slightest information has yet reached us; some vague hints are thrown out in the foreign newspapers respecting them; and if one half be true, France is indeed humiliated, and the King of France can only be considered as holding his crown at the mere will and caprice of the allied sovereigns of Europe.

The trial of Ney at present engrosses the whole attention of France. Of his ultimate fate little doubt can be entertained; some examples of rigour are necessary, to induce the people of France to believe that the boasted charter, which is to restore to them their liberties, is not a mere *vox et pretereun nihil*; and the faith of the allied sovereigns is on the eve of being broken, for the purpose of bringing the destined victims to the scaffold. When the convention was entered into between the allies and the French army, one of the articles was a general amnesty, and oblivion to the past. Ney has appealed to this article of the treaty; and he has been answered, that Louis XVIII. did not ratify that convention, but the allies deemed it convenient to act upon that treaty without the signature of Louis; and they find it convenient to disavow any particular article of it, according as the existing circumstances may require. Ney, in the mean time, shews none of that manly fortitude which might be expected from a person who had so often exposed his life in the tented field; on the contrary, he is dejected and depressed. This state of mind may, however, be attributed to the ignominy which the soldier attaches to a death on the scaffold, and not to an actual fear of it.

The trial of Lavalette, the postman, is finished, and he is condemned to death; the next accounts from Paris are expected to bring the particulars of his execution.

The persecution which the Protestants in the south of France continue to suffer, from the horrid and sanguinary fanatics of the Romish church, have excited a lively and

indignant feeling among all the liberal men of Europe. The Protestant Dissenters of London have had a meeting on the subject, and have come to very strong resolutions, protesting against such proceedings. An unjust suspicion has gone forth, that the Duchess of Angouleme secretly countenances these horrid persecutions. A little time will, however, elucidate this business, as the Duke of Angouleme is gone to the South to quell these disgraceful proceedings. It certainly was a most determined and sapient measure, to send one of the rankest devotees in France to plead the cause of the persecuted Protestants.

Recent news has arrived from Spain. It is not very consolatory. Another of the heroes of the patriotic, the celebrated Empecinado, has been arrested. Two other persons of distinction, whose names are not mentioned, have shared the same fate. The throne of the beloved Ferdinand appears at present to rest on the wrecks made by superstition, bigotry, and fanaticism. We wish he had never been removed from his solitude; he would then have had leisure to finish his mantle for the Virgin Mary, and England would not have cause to deplore the noble blood which she shed in re-establishing an idiot on a throne.

While our foreign relations bear the most promising aspect, our domestic ones are not less flattering. The approaching session of Parliament is looked forward to with particular anxiety, from a supposition that some alleviation will be afforded to the public burthens, which now press so heavily on the people. A large balance in favor of the public is expected to be found in the Exchequer, arising from the supplies, which were voted during the last session for the support of the army, not having been required, on account of the troops having been supported at the expense of France.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION
FOR DECEMBER, 1815.

BALL DRESS.

Ball Dresses are of white or coloured crape, with spangles of the same colour; short full Bishop's sleeves, white silk handkerchiefs round the neck, ostrich feathers drooping over the left eye.

WALKING DRESS.

Cambric muslin, double-scollop work at the bottom, neck, and sleeves, to correspond. Pelisse, purple velvet or maroon. Back very full. Sleeves rather large, ornamented at the wrist with silk trimming. Collar full, and trimmed in the same manner as the sleeves. Cord and tassel to correspond. Redicule of the same material as the pelisse, trimmings the same.

EVENING DRESS.

The train of coloured satin or crape, festooned at the bottom with rich silk trimming or ribbon. Sleeve rather loose, confined at the wristband, and trimmed in the same manner as the train. The body rather full and low, festooned with satin, and ribbon to correspond. Rich cord and tassel. Hair ornamented with flowers. Buckles seem reviving for shoes, and the colour of the gloves are either pale yellow or in unison with the pelisses.

The above fashions are general.



Fashionable Costume for December.

Pub.^d Dec^r. 1. 1815, by Dean & Monday, 35, Threadneedle Street.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FULL velvet hats are very generally worn. The chief alteration of late, in the embellishment, is the substitution of white for black feathers. The blonde which was laid on the black velvet hats, *a la capote*, is often covered more than an inch by a lace border. The few other hats worn are white and rose colour, and sometimes of these mixed. Some modistes present white turbans. Merinos for robes and riding-coats are much worn; the trimmings are either of ribbon or velvet; and of green, blue, white, or rose colour. The pelerines of almost all the riding-coats, instead of being rounded in front, are cut at right angles. These are ordinarily three or four in number, with the hair cut at bottom.

HAYTIAN COURT DRESSES.

VERY superb dresses for the Queen and Princesses of Hayti, have just been finished by one of our fashionable dress-makers. They are as follow:—

QUEEN OF HAYTI'S DRESS.—Consists of petticoat of white satin, richly embroidered in gold sun-flowers, terminating at the bottom with a broad gold fringe, the train of white satin, embroidered like the petticoat, looped up on each side (to form a drapery) with gold tassels and bullion: a beautiful gold net falls from the left shoulder, and fastened under the right arm, held up by large cords of bullion over the shoulder, the corners and edges finished with tassels and fringe; a rich plume of white feathers, ornamented by combs of immense value, completes the dress.

THE PRINCESSES' DRESSES.—The first, a petticoat of lilac satin, richly trimmed with three rows of gold and silver fringe, so arranged to form draperies; the body ornamented in like manner, finished at the bosom with a gold and silver cestus, with a finely executed rose, from which is suspended an elegant sash of gold and silver net; the train is of silver tissue, richly embroidered round the bottom

with large leaves in cheneill (the veins of the leaves in gold), and large red roses; the sleeves are of silver tissue, each with a flower, the same as round the train; a very beautiful frog and tassels finishes the back; the whole trimmed all round with gold and silver fringe to correspond with the petticoat.

The second, a pink corded satin petticoat and train, the petticoat covered with a beautiful blond lace, richly worked in silver, the bottom embroidered with scollops in silver lama, looped up on each side with large bunches of French flowers, roses and lilies of the valley; the train ornamented at the bottom with an elegant wreathing of silver hops and French roses, terminated by a broad blond lace worked in silver lama, like the petticoat; the sleeves richly embroidered in silver, as also the body, which is finished at the bosom with a silver cestus. From the left shoulder depends a rich drapery of blond and silver, finished on the right side by a very beautiful wreath of roses and other flowers.

GERMAN AND PRUSSIAN FASHIONS.

WELLINGTON demy boots, military, or half-boots, are of fine red kid and Morocco leather, or satin of scarlet dye, with very small yellow gilt buttons, to button on the side; a star of royal purple, embroidered on the instep, but small, and purple binding with purple fringe; thin and narrow soles, made right and left, with very broad duck-nib toes.

Wellington slippers are of scarlet Morocco or kid leather, and also of scarlet satin; a star of royal purple, embroidered in the instep; purple binding; made right and left; thin and narrow soles, with broad duck-nib toes.

Blücher demy boots, military or half-boots, of royal purple or dark blue Morocco, and kid leather, also of purple satin; a scarlet star, embroidered on the instep, and scarlet bound; red leather buttons; thin narrow soles, made right and left; broad duck-nib toes.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

STANZAS.

AWAKE, my harp, from rosy slumbers,
Hark ! 'tis sorrow courts thy strain ;—
With minstrel wiles thy magic numbers
Were wont to soothe the sigh of pain.—
Tho' not as erst—when boyhood, vain,
Essay'd to rouse thy slum'bring fires,
When all the wild hopes song inspires
(A wily train !)
Kindled the soul with high desires,
Or cold disdain.
Though not as erst—when fancy wild
Awoke thy playful accents mild :—
Tho' friendless now—poor and exil'd,
Awake again !
And oh ! forgive the truant glee
That bade me rove my heart from thee,
In giddy maze ;—
To clasp the unsubstantial form
Of bliss—pourtray'd by fancy warm ;
That gleam'd as prelude to the storm,
With meteor blaze.
Yet, 'twas a thralldom hard to sever ;
'Twin'd with each gentle sympathy ;—
Winning with artless melody
The yielding soul ;—
And many a viewless bond, that ever
Endear'd controul.

Awake, my harp, to solitary sadness,
No longer droop neglected and forlorn;—
Stranger thou art, I ween, to joy and gladness—
Thy mirth is frenzy—and thy smile is scorn.
Yet oh! awake—nor heed the rankling thorn
Of blighted hopes—the heart's warm pulse shall still
Responsive thrill;
E'en tho' as dank dews of autumnal morn,
The world frowns pityless, austere, and chill,
On him by fortune born
To meet its lurid gaze—to dare its ev'ry ill.
Yet breathe again, and bid the aching breast
Prolong each note of wildest elegy—
To mournful dirge accord the heart oppress,
And saddest glee;
And whisper to the soul it once was blest—
Sharp'ning each pang of poignant misery.
To votive mirth, and minstrel revelry,
No more attune thy visionary strings;
But catch the gaze that retrospection flings—
And whilst fond mem'ry animates thy wires,
Desponding grief shall float on ebon wings
To rouse thy fires:—
And long the phantom train that fancy brings
Shall live—when thy last wizard note expires.
Awake, my harp,—each chord of thine revives
A kindred sympathy to sorrow dear;
And oh! forgive the feeble hand that strives
To rouse thy slumb'ring energies—the tear
Alone must plead the sad delight that springs
From unison of woe;
As gentle twin-souls borne on seraph wings;—
Free'd from the turmoils of a world below.
Oh! list, my harp,—no more the wild-wind raving,
With fitful murmurs rove thy strings among;
Some other touch thy leafy umbrage waving,
Courts the soft cadence of thy measur'd song.
Then slumb'rer wake! and oh! attune
To sorrow's wildest note thy strings;
Yes—bid the aching heart commune
With ev'ry chord that anguish wrings.

For it is sadly sweet to pour
On ev'ry hope—on ev'ry pleasure ;
On ev'ry joy, that breathes no more ;
Save, as the bosom's painful treasure.
Then wake sad solace of my leisure ;
I'll woe thy sombrous shade—thy rayless gloom—
As the lone melancholy measure,
On beauty's tomb !
E'en as the tribute that affection wreathes
On the cold monumental urn ;—
That, (as if once-existing worth it breathes)
More warmly bids the sorrowing bosom mourn.

J. M. B.

STANZAS.

WHAT dying fall from more than mortal string
Steals on my ear so soft and slow ?
From upper realms of air it seems to fling
Its mournful sweetness on the world below.
Such strains the seraphs chaunt when the still hour
Of solemn midnight breathes its gloom around,
What time from harps of heaven they love to pour
Their hymns of joy ; and such the blissful sound
That welcomes home from scenes of earthly pain,
Some pure and happy spirit—such the strain
That whispers peace before the blessed die,
And on the closing ear makes distant melody !
'Tis thine, Elvira ! angels bear thee hence ;
Peril and pain shall visit thee no more,
No more shall anguish wring thy tortur'd sense,
Nor doom thy soul to sorrow's with'ring power.
Yet I must weep—but not that thou art free,
For bliss is thine beyond conception great ;
I weep—but oh ! I weep to follow thee,
And rather envy than deplore thy fate.

ORA.

THE MANIAC.

A MANIAC stray'd on the sea-beaten shore,
Whilst the winds of the midnight tempestuously blew;
His soul felt delight in the tempest's loud roar,
And he bared his torn breast to the blast, as it grew.

Around his chill'd limbs a remnant was thrown,
His hand bore a staff, from the oak he had torn;
And oft from his breast broke a pitiful moan,
As a vision of bliss o'er his fancy was borne.

Though wild o'er his head beat the spray of the wave,
Though his feet were benumb'd by the snow of its foam,
He felt not the cold in his rude rugged cave,
For the rock was his bed, and the world was his home.

Though full on his brain broke the beam of the sun,
No shade would he seek in the heat of the day;
No plain would he tread, where the rivulets run,
To cool his hot thirst on his desolate way.

When full on the world shone the planet of night,
And high on the shore rose the white foaming wave;
Then dreadful and bold was the maniac's might,
And loud was his cry as he writh'd on a grave.

At night to the woods would the maniac hie,
And deep in its covert recline him to rest;
But short was the sleep which e'er closed his eye,
He dreamt of his babes, and in fancy was blest.

But wak'ning all soon to distraction and grief,
His fabric of bliss soon evanish'd in air,
And no spot did he know, to seek for relief
From the thongs of the furies and fiends of despair.

Commix'd with the blast and the roar of the wave,
He heard the wreck'd seaman imploring his aid;
But man was his foe, whom he wish'd not to save,
And he smil'd at the death which his hand could have staid.

He once had a home, and children, and wife,
And once he had bask'd in the sun-shine of love;
His happiness rose in the morning of life,
And hope round his future its blandishments wove.

The children he lov'd were all laid in the tomb,
The love of a father was lost from his breast;
And, wrung with the sense of his pitiful doom,
He roam'd from his home—the lov'd spot of his rest.

His wife by a villain was lur'd from her home,
'Gainst the scorn of the world she was left to contend;
Condemn'd, like a victim of sorrow, to roam,
No bosom to rest on, no home of a friend.

The world was now lost from the maniac's view,
For to him was the world a wild desert, and bare;
They were gone who his path with each comfort could strew,
Who could join in his joys, or his happiness share.

But whence is that sound which now strikes on his ear?
It comes from the peaceful abodes of the blest;
On clouds of effulgence his children appear,
And beckon their sire to the mansions of rest.

On a cliff rude and bare the lorn maniac stood,
Whilst the billows beneath him imperiously roll,
With an eye of distraction he gaz'd on the flood,
And he long'd for a grave for the peace of his soul.

With the laugh of a fiend, and a wild rolling eye,
He plung'd from the cliff in the wide-yawning wave;
An angel of pity look'd down from the sky,
And call'd in an angel of mercy to save.

But over him roll'd the rough merciless surge,
The angel of death flapp'd his wing o'er the wave;
The winds of the night were the maniac's dirge,
And a deep coral cave was the maniac's grave.

R. H.

SONNET.

THERE is, indeed, an intercourse of soul
 That waves divide not, nor the circling year,
 Nor distant clime, tho' far as pole from pole;
 For kindred spirits are for ever near :
 And oft in viewless shape congenial minds
 Together meet, as erst in shady bower
 The sister bands that to the whisp'ring winds
 Of Eden chaunted sweet at midnight hour
 Their choral hymns—and thus in airy dream
 Full oft thy wand'ring spirit have I woo'd
 By haunted grove, or dull romantic stream;
 Or trac'd in fancy's visionary mood
 Thy beck'ning form amid the fields of air
 On fleecy cloud reclin'd, and flown to meet thee there.

MY LYRE.

'Twas eve—my lyre untuneful hung,
 Upon a drooping willow's bough ;
 The former notes it once had sung,
 And that with ease did freely flow,
Were set aside.
 No measures stole
 Their sweet enchantment o'er the soul ;
 No quiv'ring sound
 Breath'd its soft influence all around,
Or far and wide.
 Yet often did its notes impart
 A pleasing sound to cheer my heart ;
These hours are gone.

Arise, O sun ! with morning ray,
And smile upon my weeping lyre ;
Or shine, as in the blaze of day,
Wake it's soft notes, its strings inspire—
Careless it hangs.

No pleasing note
Flies from it's strings, in air to float ;
No willing wire
Attentive hangs, or heeds my fire,
Or heeds my pangs.
Yet I remember oft its strain
Has sooth'd my woes, and heal'd my pain—
Those hours are gone.

Mistress of night, pale moon, attend !
And listen to my faulty prayer ;
Assist, direct me, be my friend,
And raise me from this deep despair—
My lyre's abhorr'd.

My lifeless lyre,
No more it's former thoughts inspire ;
No more it beams,
Or trembling fingers kiss the strings,
Or wake a chord.
Yet once (and I remember well)
It warm'd me with its magic spell—
Those hours are gone.

Ye ever-shining starry spheres !
Ye lamps, that gild the darkest night !
Disperse my gloomy thoughts, my tears
Assuage, or make my sorrows light.
My lyre entwin'd,

Once us'd to charm
My panting soul, and pour the balm ;
It us'd to ease
My swelling heart, my bosom please.
But ah ! those happy hours are gone,
My lyre's unstrung, and I'm alone.

LORENZO.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are unable to answer the Query of J. C.

The Hints of W. H. shall be attended to; he will perceive that some notice has been taken of them in the present number.

The Criminal from lost Honor, by Schiller, is received, and shall certainly appear.

We thank our Suffolk Correspondent for his communication, intended to prove that the Sir Bertram of Mrs. Barbauld is not an original production; we will most willingly give it a place in our next.

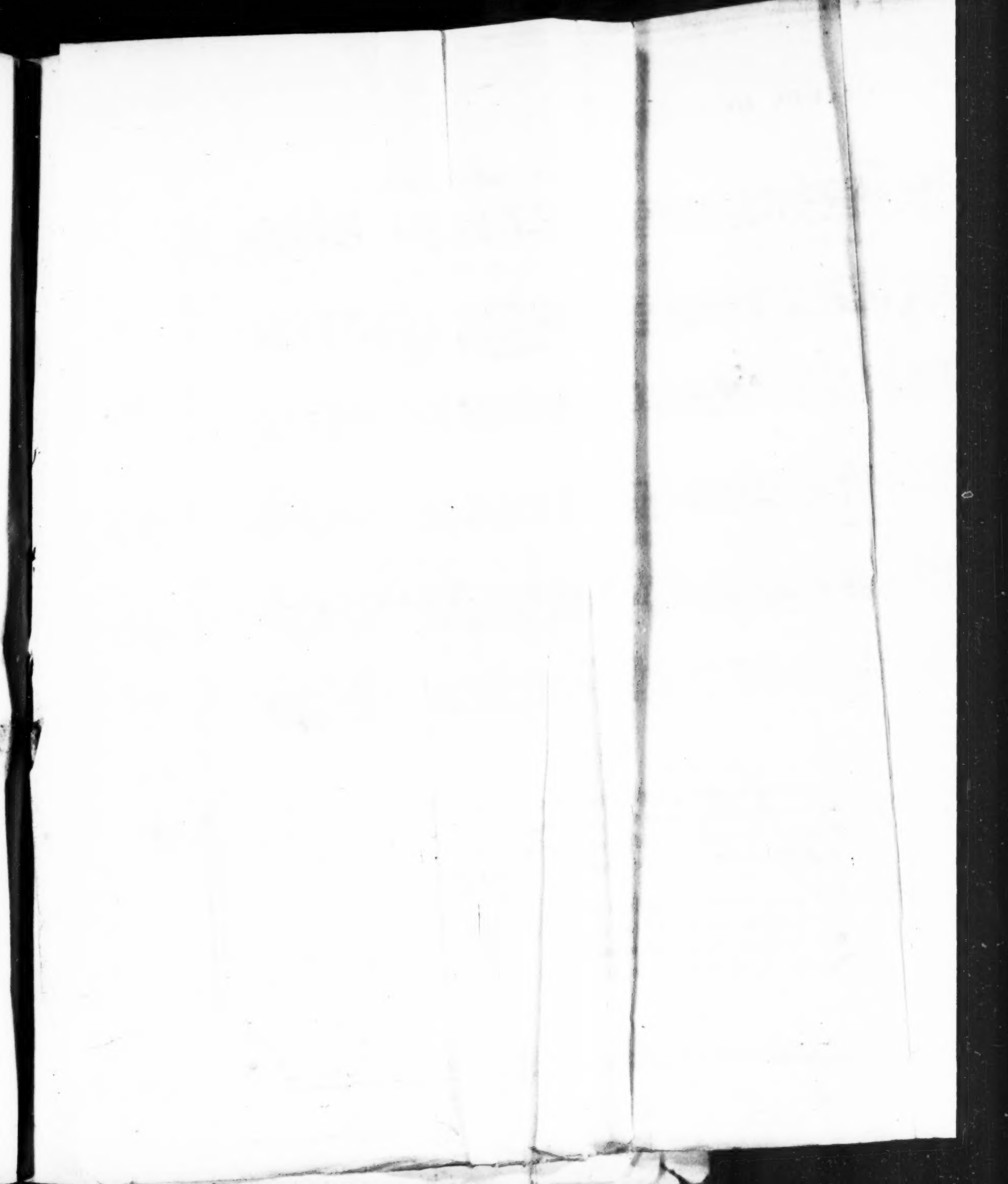
The Tale, by Mrs. G——, is too long. In our new arrangement it is not our intention to continue any article through more than six numbers, and we object even to that length, except under particular circumstances. We request our Correspondents in general to pay strict attention to this notice.

A wise Story from ANNA may be so in her estimation, but we think OTHERWISE. We at all events look for good grammar in all communications intended for insertion in The Ladies' Museum.

We offer our acknowledgments to our poetical Correspondents for the promise of the continuance of their favors. The strictest impartiality shall be observed in their insertion.

Several communications are under consideration.

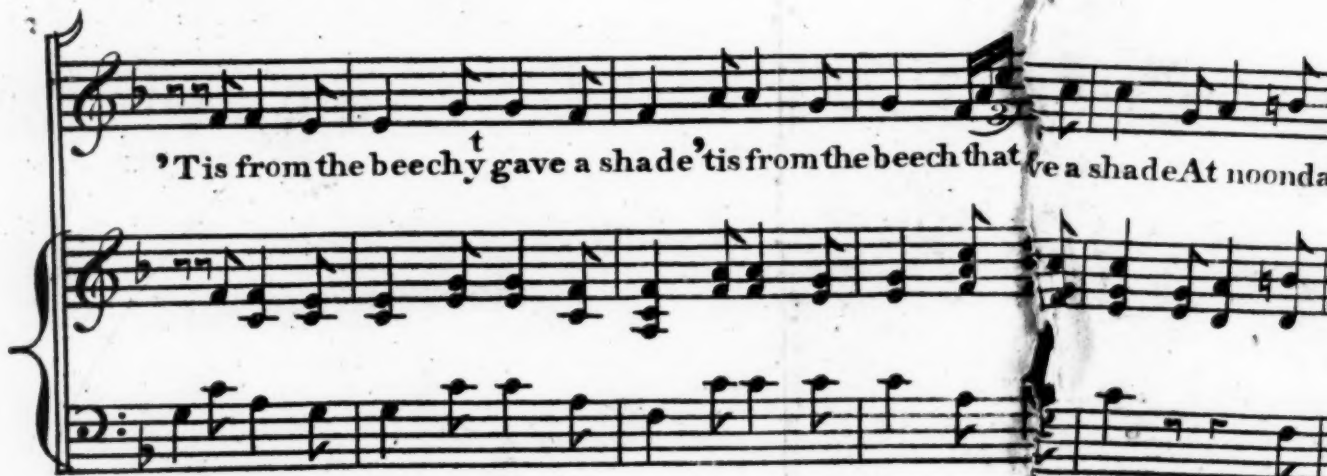
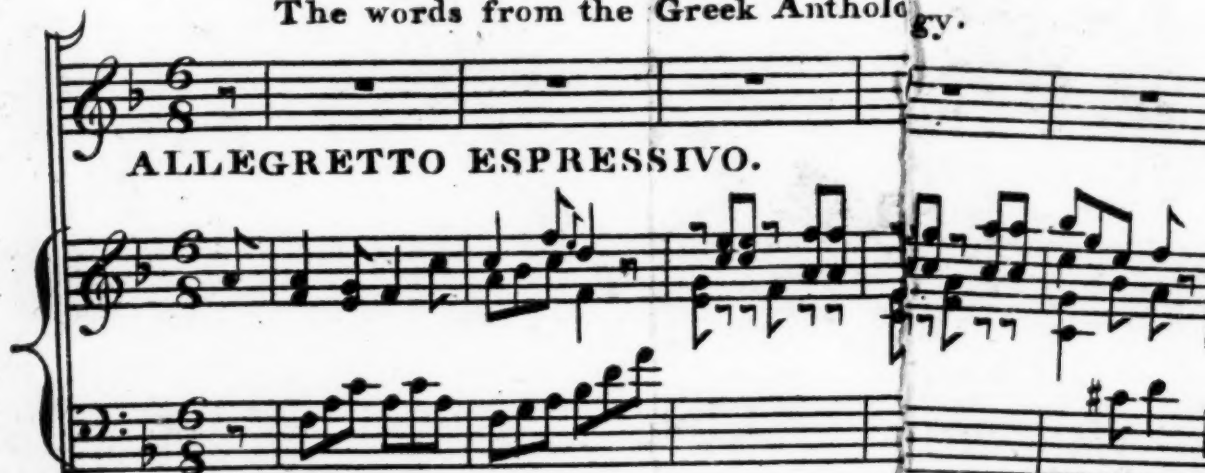
To Morton we can say, that when he has finished his schooling we shall be glad to hear from him.



I WOULD NOT CHA

The words from the Greek Anthology.

ALLEGRETTO ESPRESSIVO.



'Tis from the beechy[†] gave a shade 'tis from the beech that ve a shade At noonda

2

I would not change for Pen loom
This humble matting of my om;
'Tis of those very rushes q;
Oft press'd by charming inde.

3

I would not change my lox cket,
That opens in her fav'ri et,
For Portals proud, or To hat frown,
The monuments of old re

CHANGE FOR CUPS OF GOLD.

The Music by I. M. B.

Musical score for the song "Change for Cups of Gold". The score is written on five staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 8/8. The melody is written on the first staff, and the lyrics are written below it. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff continues the melody. The fourth staff continues the melody. The fifth staff continues the melody. The lyrics are: "I would not change for Cups of gold This lit - tle Cup that you behold day to my Village Maid At noonday to my Village Maid".

I would not change for Cups of gold This lit - tle Cup that you behold
day to my Village Maid At noonday to my Village Maid

4

I would not change this foolish heart
That learns from her to joy or smart
For his that burns with love of glory,
And loses life, to live in story.

5

Yet in themselves my heart my cot,
My mat, my bowl, I value not;
But only as they one and all,
My lovely Rosalinde recall.



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